

Togo Tours (SEEING AMERICA FIRST!) Personally conducted by HASHIMURA TOGO (WALLACE IRWIN)



SEEING MT. MCKINLEY.

The Editor Sunday Star, who knows that mountains are like fish—the biggest ones are the hardest to scale.

Dear Sir:—

COUSIN NOGI say this conversation at me yesterday: "Togo," he re-voke, "let us conduct our Passengers to some-where where no-body has formerly been previously."

"Where should such place be?" I suggest. "Every-where you go you will find some American has got there first. Africa, N. Pole, Albany—everywhere. Even if we should go to Planet Mars we would find some Prof from Lick Observatory scratching around with a telescope."

"Nobody has yet been to Mt McKinley," deposes Nogi cowtastily.

"Dr. Cook have," I chatter.

"Dr. Cook have been to so many lone-some places?" Nogi nudge. "He is one of those explorers what needs a Chap-erone, or else he will make some scientific misbehavior. That is where Dr. Cook is so deliciously different from Dr. Roose-velt. When Dr. Cook have been some-where, you can't prove it; but when Dr. Roosevelt have been there you can't forget it."

"Therefore, let us collect a pick-nick party for go-see this delicious Mt," I collapse.

So we grease up our 40-voice-power automobile "Seeing America" and point our noses in the Gen. Direction of Alas-ka. Many persons got in our joyful wagon wishing to get some education in American rubbernecking which me & Nogi teach so politely. Among those was following persons:

Hon. Hans Wagner, famus bat.

Hon. Sultan of Jolo who is in America to preach Mohammed religion to chorus girls.

14 members Ananias Association who came to forget their short & ugly na-tures while admiring tall & handsome scenery.

Hon. Oscar Hammerstein looking for a high soprano at a low salary.

A gentleman of Flatbush who say he knew Dr. Cook and can prove it.

Cousin Nogi make crank-away with wheel. Hon. Ottomobile make honk-honk like a Ballinger investigation & we booted away nervously to the land of Cunningshams and Guggenhams.

At lastly we arrive to a very high Mt surrounded by Nature. We could tell it was Mt McKinley by its height, which is 20,644 ft. in Slam's Unvalried Atlas of the World. So we knew we was there. This Mt is taller than Slinger

Bldg. N. Y., but not so comfortable. It is constructed of steep bumps, high jags & rude tumbles.

"Ladies & Tourists," I commence for lecture, "observe with eye-lashes! This is Mt McKinley, Brooklyn's first great discovery. Is it not a giddy peak? It is! It is covered with steep slopes and slip-pery slides. Nothing in Coney Island is so dangerous, yet so cheap. Ah delicious prominence, lofty & pure & covered with frosting on top! It reminds us of poetry, it reminds us of sublime sub-jects, of Hon. C. W. Fairbanks in the midst of frozen buttermilk."

"I do not see nothing so lofty about

this grandeur," suggest Hon. Hans Wagner like a pirate.

"Because you are used to knocking high ones you should not knock Mt McKinley, who is older than you," I dth peevly.

While we was thusly conversing in base ball language, two bashful-looking persons approached up to us. By their straightfronted air and honest manner I knew at once that they was trying to deceive us.

"We are Barrel & Keg, guides," they depose. "For 50c we will show you the place where Dr. Cook stopped in his expedition and wrote the first fam-us Cook Book entitled 'Up Mt Mc-Kinley with a Typewriter.' For \$1 we will lead you to Imagination Point

where the celebrated Flatbusher first thought of discovering the North Pole without going there. If you are anxious to get in the newspapers, and yet do not care for the disgusting highness of climbing, we will prove that you are the only travelers that ever clomb Mt McKinley. We do this for \$5 apiece, special arrangements for large parties."

Several members of Hon. Ananias As-sociation was preparing to pay Barrel & Keg that money-price, but me & Nogi driv inwards with jealous expression. If anybody was to be paid for telling un-truthful utterances, we must be those.

So Nogi put some non-skiddish tires on Hon. Ottomobile, and with consid-erable smell of gasoline we began whoof-ing up steep sides of this jaggy hill which reminded us of a skating rink standing on its head. Whenever Hon. Ottomobile would go forwards 2 miles it would slide back 6. By this peculiar arithmatick, every mile we advanced to the top took us nearer and nearer to Duluth.

"At this rates you shall never get to the top," suggest Hans Wagner, who realize how difficult climbing is in Na-tional League circles.

"Who are you?" require Hon. Ham-merstein with silk-pipe hat.

"My name is Wagner," betray Hon. Hans.

"I am familiar with your music," say Hon. Oscar reverendly.

"If your ottomobile show a tendencies to go backwards more swiftly than for-wards, why you no back it up this Mt so as to arrive on top?" require Hon. Hans, who has won many battles with the Big Stick.

This was good idea for me & Nogi. So we turn "Seeing America" around on her wheels, and firstly we knew we was backing up Mt McKinley with such de-licious swiftness that folks enjoyed headache from speed. Up straight-side cliffs we rolled smoothly like a bug crolling up a glass of water. Pretty soonly we was elevated to 7 miles of complete highness. The scene was so wonderful that many members of An-anias Club fainted away trying to think up a lie that would be more remarkable than what they seen. From tallest peak of this jaggy bluff we could distinctly see Atlantic Ocean on the right and Pacific Ocean on the left. They seemed so natural that we felt quite wet while looking at them.

"Ladies & Tourists," I exclaim, "kind-ly to look around you from this eminent prominence and observe America! Did you ever realize with brain how the entire distance of this kingdom can be seen from Mt McKinley? Look at In-diana over there! See the earnest gent standing on stumps in the rural dis-



"MY NAME IS WAGNER," BETRAY HON. HANS. "I AM FAMILIAR WITH YOUR MUSIC," SAY HON. OSCAR, REVERENDLY.

tricts gossiping about Senator Aldrich. That is Hon. Al Beverage. See the folks in San Francisco standing around wishing they was in Reno. See the folks in Newport mourning for King Edward! See them playing base ball in New York and politics in Massa-chusetts. If I was President of U. S. I should prefer to spend my summers on Mt McKinley, where I could see what was going on."

"I cannot see them phenominals you mention," say Sultan of Jolo like a Can-non Republican.

"You have no Imagination," I nh. "Therefore you should not go up Mt McKinley."

So we drop him into a gasping chasm 50,000 ft below.

Cousin Nogi continued to back Hon.

Ab! Attached firmly to a block of ice we seen a familiar sight—a Brooklyn milk bottle tightly sealed at neck by a pink gum-drop.

"Ah joyful! I was sure that Fred was true to us!" giablie Hon. Flat-bush with voice.

We pluck up this milk bottle and burst it open with excited nerves. Inside of it was a scratch of paper closely type-written in a firm, mannish hand. Fol-lowing was what it exclaimed.

"To Who Is.

"Dear Sir:—
"Them what finds this manuscript will pay be not believe that I ever done what I did or seen what I saw. I for-give them. I cannot here tell my story of climbing Mt McKinley because I have not made it up yet.

"Folks what find this bottle will doubtlessly believe that I brought it here. How foolish. I have never climb-ed so high in my life. The bottle you find was prepared by me and sent up by a Messenger Boy. In this age of modern conveniences it does not pay for a busy man to go personally when he can just as well send.

"Climbing mountains is a symptom of Human Foolishness which can't be cured by doctors or insane asylums. It is like getting into Society—you spend health, strength and fortune getting continual frosts, bumps and scares. Nobody wants you there, nobody cares whether you get on top or not. O such sore feet & con-tinual backsliding! O such chasm to jump over and haughty bluffs to scale! Yet you are determined to Arrive. Of finally, by dint of stickiness with toes and finger nails, you suddenly stop-behold, you are On Top! You have lost all your human sweetness, yet you have descended upward to an eminence where only 300 or 400 persons have ever stood before. So you set down on this sharp jag & begin thinking thoughtfully, 'What am I supposed to do, now that I am Here?'"

"Ah no! Life is too important to spend in Futile Effort. Bleak mountains and cold poles are no place for civilized man. I prefer Denmark where the kings are easy and the dinners good. Shall I ever climb Mt McKinley? Perhaps some day—when I can take an elevator to the top floor like you in most modern structures in respectable neighborhoods.

"(Signed) F. A. C.

"What do F. A. C. stand for?" require Hon. Hans Wagner with batting ex-pression.

"It stands for that eminent wanderer F. A. Cook," deiment Flatbush gentle-man.

"I imagined it spelled 'Fake' in Roose-velt language," corrode Hon. Wagner as we turned our Ottomobile downwards and dropped 26 miles in 2 minutes.

Hoping you are included in them 16 Society Persons of Boston,

I remain where I am

Sincerely yours,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

S. P.:

Mr. Editor, please make following ad-vertising signal for me:

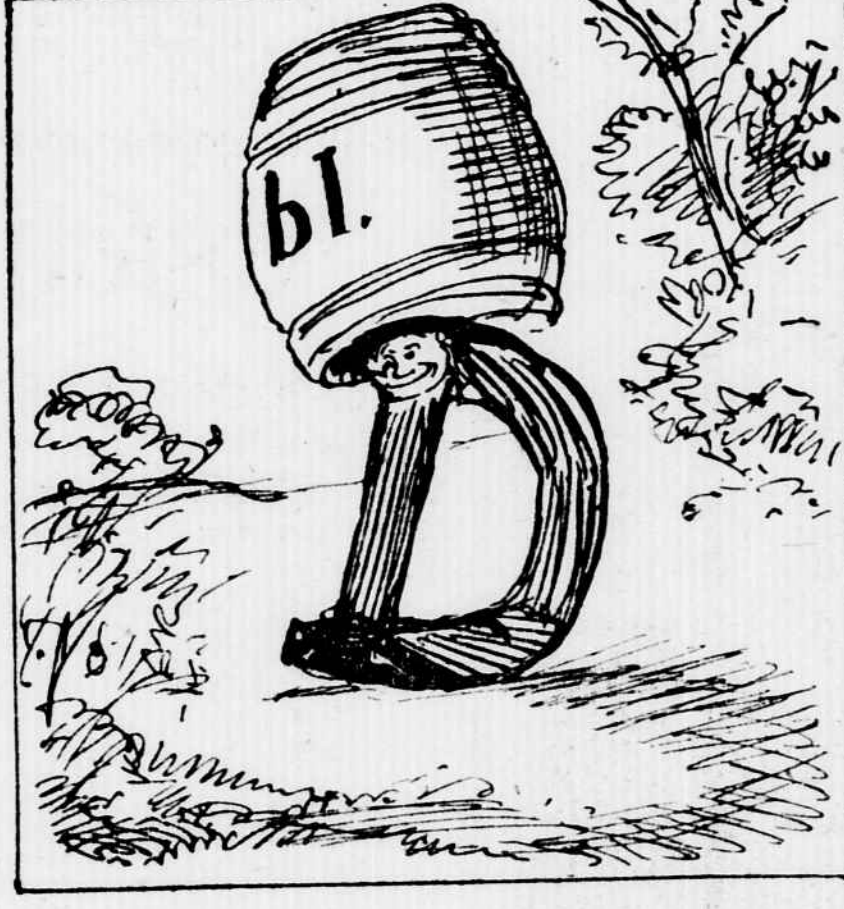
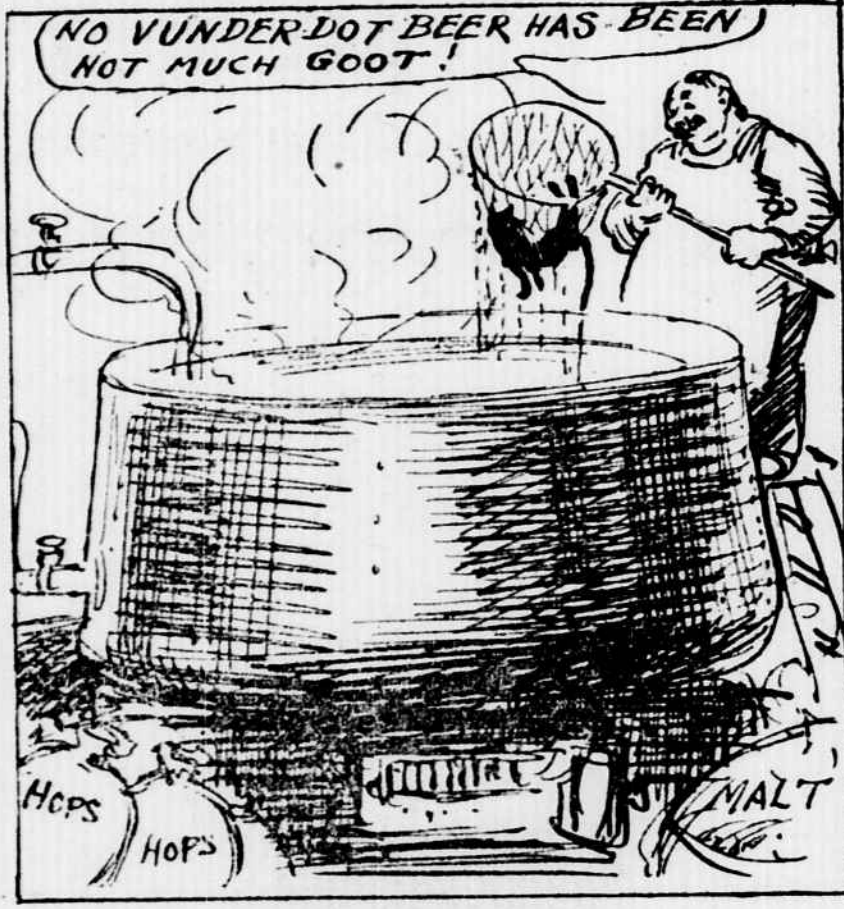
ELOPE WITH TOGO!
SEEING AMERICA
There is nothing like being Misin-formed by One Who Knows how.
NEXT WEEK
"SEEING MILWAUKEE"
The place that made Socialism famous.
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"THE BOTTLE YOU FIND WAS PREPARED BY ME AND SENT UP BY A MESSENGER BOY."

THE SUNDAY STAR'S PUZZLES IN REBUS.

WHAT WORDS DESCRIBING COMPLEXION ARE THESE?



Watch next Sunday's Star for answers to above. Answers to last week's puzzles—"What Cutting Implements?"—are: No. 1, Chisel ("Ch" is L). No. 2, Scalpel (Scalp L). No. 3, Adze ("Ads"). No. 4, Cleaver (C, "Leave 'er"). No. 5, Razor (Raise 'er). No. 6, Shears ("Ssh" ears). No. 7, Axe (Ah! X). No. 8, Scissors (Sizzers). No. 9, Knife (Nigh F). No. 10, Hatchet (Hatch E T).